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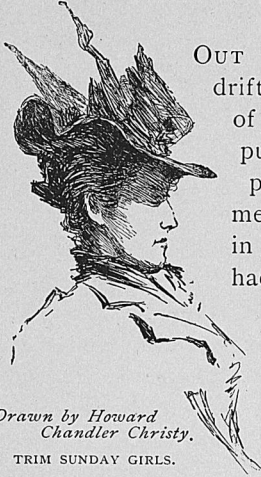
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A FOREGROUND FIGURE

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

Illustrated by students of three summer art schools.

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."



*Drawn by Howard
Chandler Christy.*

TRIM SUNDAY GIRLS.

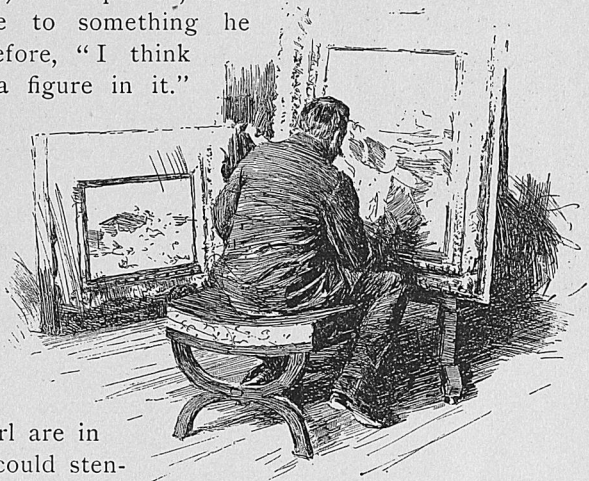
another girl asked, softly.
"You know Harry Aldrich says she isn't coming this summer because she never sees a paintable spot but that Hammersley and some pretty girl are in the foreground. She says she could stencil them in and save time, only it's always a new girl.

"So," said Mr. Chase, smiling, "Hammersley is responsible for my having to repeat every Monday morning that this is not a picture factory, that you are here to make studies, to learn how to make pictures later. I'll have to have a talk with Hammersley."

While he was speaking, a tall, sweet-faced girl, who had been standing outside

OUT in the hills all life was keeping silence. Light shadows drifted over the heather with the drifting clouds, and the sails of the windmills stirred idly. Inside the studio some of the pupils, trim Sunday girls and boys, were looking at a similar picture on canvas. Mr. Chase sat down before it a moment. "Yes," he repeated, as if in reference to something he had said before, "I think I'll put a figure in it."

"Will it
be Mr.
H a m -
m e r s -
l e y ?"



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"HE SAT DOWN BEFORE THE CANVAS A MOMENT."



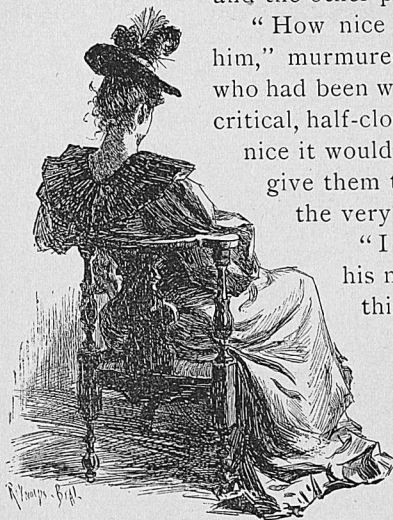
Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

THE ART VILLAGE, SHINNEDOCK HILLS.



Drawn by Reynolds Beal.

"A TALL, SWEET-FACED GIRL ENTERED AND SAT DOWN ATTENTIVELY."



Drawn by Reynolds Beal.

"HER BACK WAS TOWARD HAMMERSLEY AND THE OTHER PUPILS."

the open door, entered, and sat down attentively. "I think Mr. Hammersley feels his shortcomings," she said, "he's going to Mr. Robinson's to-morrow." A conscious look passed round the group of faces. Joyce Covington was engaged to Hammersley.

"Speaking of angels," cried someone, and they turned gratefully to the picture in the doorframe. The shadow of approaching figures had come in.

"It was such a lonesome business starting out from the Art Village to say good-by, that I got Miss Burns to walk over with me," said Hammersley; and leaving his pretty companion, he went over to help Joyce who had risen to take off her wrap. They spoke a word or two, and then catching something that Miss Burns was saying, Joyce crossed to the group around her.

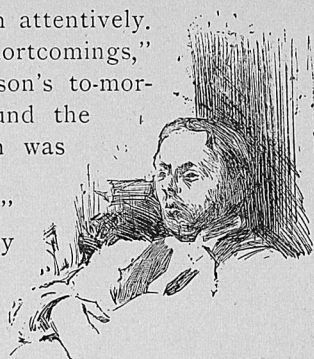
When she sat down again her back was toward Hammersley and the other pupils.

"How nice it would be of him," murmured a young man who had been watching through critical, half-closed eyes; "how nice it would be of him to hunt out the timid new girls and give them the counter-signs, if he didn't always chance upon the very pretty ones."

"I can't see what's the trouble with Joyce," returned his neighbor, "she's too sensible to mind that sort of thing. I wish Harry Aldrich were here."

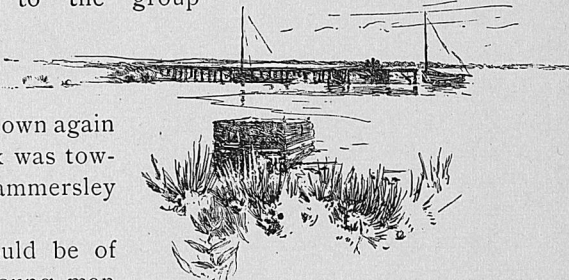
"— Without her 'coon," supplied the critical young man.

Two days later a young man who sat sketching on the Connecticut shore, saw a young woman come walking calmly beachward through the water. A small living object occupied the stern seat of a rowboat she was towing. The shyest of young men would have gone to her assistance, but the young woman said,



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"WITHOUT HER 'COON," SUPPLIED THE CRITICAL YOUNG MAN.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

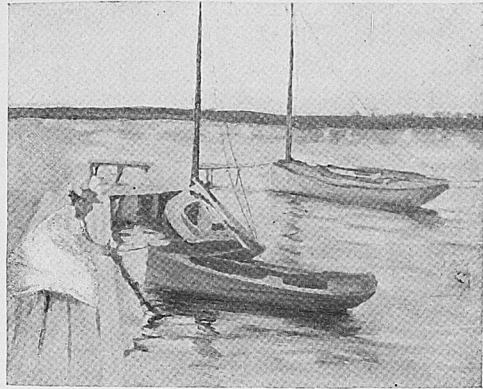
ON THE CONNECTICUT SHORE.

"Don't be alarmed about me. Ticonderoga found the boat too small for both of us. He wanted a chance to paint."

The young man looked at the racoon that was daintily dipping paint from a palette with his paw to decorate himself. Then the young man looked at the girl in the water.

"Are you—are you a pupil of Mr. Twachtman's?" he asked, blankly.

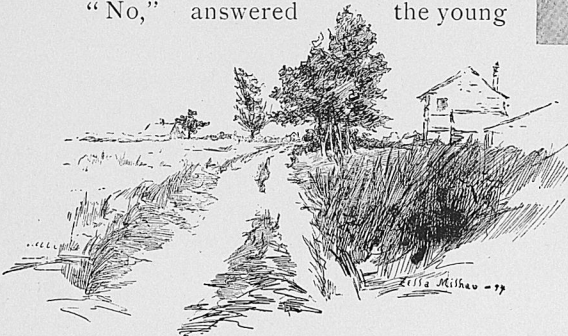
"No," answered the young



From a painting by Helen Pupke.

"YOU'RE VERY KIND," SAID YOUNG CAIRN, HEARTILY.

woman, "my people are staying here this summer; my name is Aldrich. I meant to go into Mr. Twachtman's class, but mamma says I must give Tyke here a change, so I'm going down to Princeton, to study with Mr.

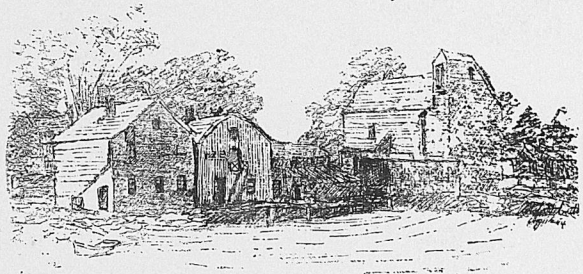


Drawn by Zella Milhan.

AN UNFREQUENTED ROAD.

Robinson. I used to go to Shinnecock, but the 'coon has bitten everybody there."

"Are there many men in the summer



Drawn by Hobart Smith.

THE OLD COS COB MILL.

classés?" the stranger asked, with diffidence.

"Of course," answered Miss Aldrich. "Why? Were you afraid to join?"

"I always see plenty of girls sketching," he returned, evasively. "My name is Cairn—Olin Cairn. I have been thinking of joining."

"It would do you a world of good," she said frankly, glancing at his canvas.

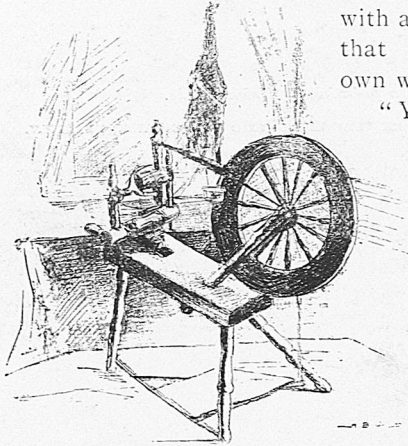
"Mr. Twachtman is very particular about form. For instance, take that spray of leaves; he would want you to give your whole attention to that, and to have each leaf so perfect that a botanist could find no flaw in it. And there's another thing: your color's low in tone. Your green there ought to be almost clear color



Drawn by Zella Milhan.

"AND I HAD MEANT TO SKETCH THOSE POPLARS."

—now Coonie here has hit it just right on his shoulder. I wish you'd go to criticism to-day, you'll have to hurry to get there, but go by all means, and I will meet you. Hold Coon a minute while I tie my boat, and then I must go home and change my clothes. But I'll be there."



Drawn by A. B. Conly.

"HE'S VERY HARD ON VARNISH."

"You don't try to make him go; let me drive. You don't say a word to him."

She spoke with an authority that carried its own weight.

"You are very kind," said young Cairn, heartily, "and I will go."

Miss Aldrich hastened home by cross-ways, past farm-houses and the old Cos Cob mill. Once she started to take an unfrequented road and was frightened back by the sound of wheels.

"It's always the same," she heard a girl's voice say, impatiently.



Drawn by Hobart Smith.

PAST FARM-HOUSES.



From a painting by J. W. Lumsdon.

"ONE OF THEM WAS POSING."

"You don't think I'm going to say anything to a horse when I have a girl to talk to?" Miss Aldrich knew that voice. Looking out, she caught a glimpse of Hammersley, summer-clad and exquisite, driving with slackened reins, and casting amused side glances at a very pretty girl.

When they had passed she looked



Drawn by Cora Callender.

EVELYN COLLEGE.

exasperatedly at the bit of landscape in front of which the carriage had loitered. "And I've been meaning to sketch those poplars," she deplored.

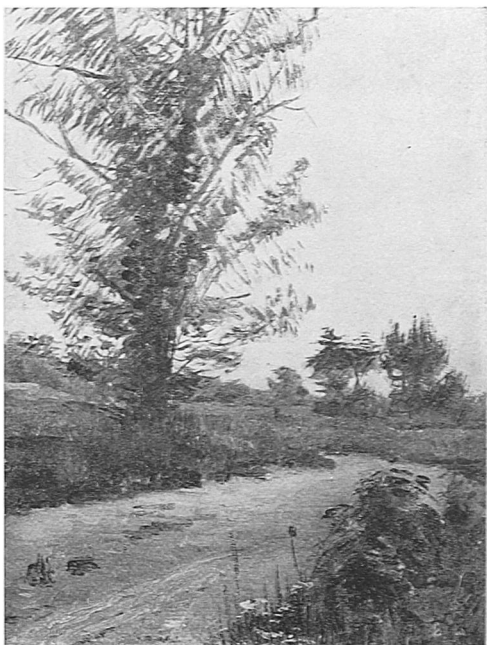
She knew that Hammersley was on his way to see her, he probably wanted her to do something pleasant and sisterly for the girl. She turned straight back to Mr. Twachtman's class, just as she was, and offered Ticonderoga to be criticised.

At Evelyn College a few of Mr. Robinson's pupils were sketching on the lawn, where one of them was posing. Mr. Robinson himself was starting on a tour of criticism, and Harry Aldrich, who had arrived that day, came out and joined him.

"I found a spinning-wheel and tied Ticonderoga to it," she said, "because it hadn't any varnish. He's very hard on varnish."

"Ticonderoga?"

"Tie coon, the rogue, ah, I should have said. What a picturesque



From a painting by A. M. Archer.

THE BIG TREE.

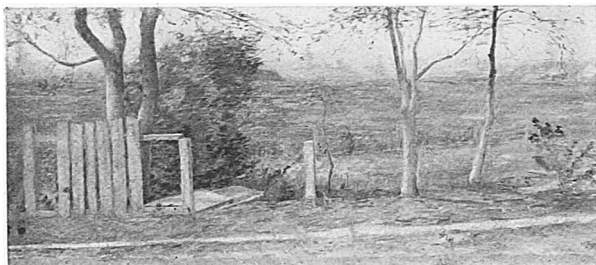


From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.

THE APPLE ORCHARD.

shanty! Anybody working there? Where are they all?"

"There are some down here by the big tree," Mr. Robinson answered, "and I think some at the apple orchard, and some in the cabbage patch, and some beyond, and perhaps one or two down by the canal. They scatter so toward the end of the week. By the way, a friend of yours is here. No," he went on, coming to a student at her work, "I like to encourage the use of solid paint; if you lay



From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.

ON THE ROAD TO THE CABBAGES.

"The light has changed a good deal since I began on it," she confessed.

"It often does," said Mr. Robinson, quietly. "Perhaps it would be good to take another canvas."

Miss Aldrich, looking about her, suddenly beheld Hammersley arranging an easel for the prettiest girl in the Princetown class. He saw her, too, and came over from a field on the



From a painting by H. S. Peck.

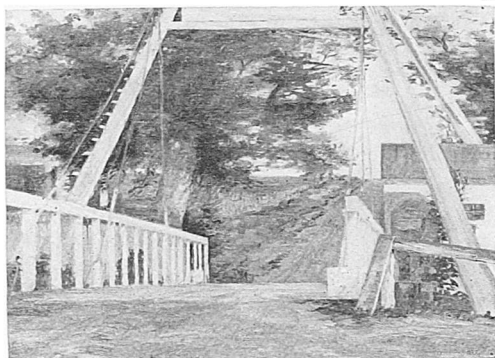
THE SHANTY.

it on thin it is apt to look so dry. Your color is a little gray," he added, "it doesn't give me the effect of sunlight."



From a painting by F. H. Wells.

BEYOND THE CABBAGES.



From a painting by M. Agnes McCahill.

DOWN AT THE CANAL.

road to the cabbages to meet her.

"Lafayette Hammersley," said Harry Aldrich, "if I were engaged to you and intended to marry you, I would have a nice little chain, so that I could drag you up to the altar without your getting away to accommodate somebody else's girl."

"If Joyce only wanted to drag me to the altar," exclaimed Hammersley, "but she don't. She treated me so

coldly over there that I couldn't stay. I ran down to Mr. Twachtman's to see you, but——"

"But went driving with another girl."

"I didn't, I've known her always. She was passing and she took me in. Do you want me to be positively rude to every other woman? Joyce understands me,—but I can't understand her just now."

"Well, I do," said Miss Aldrich, decisively. "Joyce is simply tired of seeing you pose round in the foreground. She thinks, and I

think, that it's about time for you to get into the middle distance with her.

If you let some younger fellow have a chance he'll tend to the stray girls for you."

"I wonder if he would," said Hammersley.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to take you to Shinnecock. Then I'll come back and work."

Miss Aldrich had several things to see to

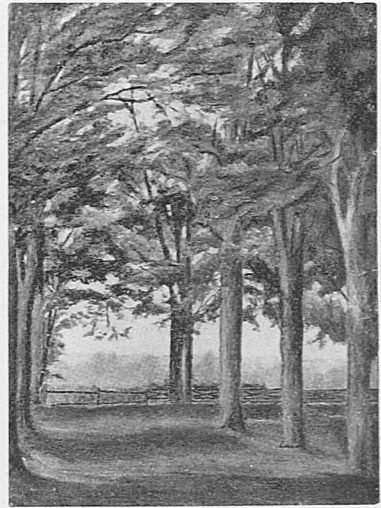
when they reached Shinnecock. To Joyce and Hammersley it did not seem that she was long. They were in the Art Village. From across the hills had come to them a sound of bells. Joyce drew her hand away from Hammersley, and lifting it for silence, she asked, "Why are they ringing?"

"Wedding!" cried Miss Aldrich, bursting in upon them. "Come along or you'll miss it. Everybody's going."

As if to testify, a hundred gypsy figures, trundling their canvas-laden express wagons, showed for a moment on the brow of a hill, then dipped out of sight toward the church.

"In heaven's name," gasped Hammersley, "whose wedding is it?"

"Yours," said Harry Aldrich.



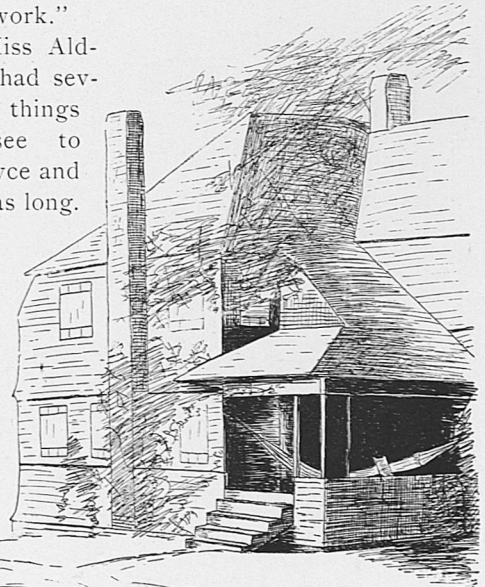
From a painting by Cora Callender.

THE COLLEGE LAWN.



From a painting by L. Hall.

THE CABBAGE PATCH.



Drawn by Cora Callender.

"I'LL COME BACK TO EVELYN AND WORK."